

THE SOUTH AFRICAN



A black and white photograph showing a rectangular sign with a double border. The sign is mounted on a dark, perforated metal post. The sign's text reads '\$100.00' on the first line, 'DUMPING' on the second line, and 'FINE' on the third line. The sign is positioned in a wooded area. The ground is covered with a layer of dry leaves, twigs, and other debris. In the background, there are several thin, bare trees and a larger, darker tree trunk. The overall scene suggests a natural, perhaps somewhat neglected, environment.

**\$100.00
DUMPING
FINE**

**the haleyon
1970**





A breeze swept the shore, the warmth of the sun dispelled the frigidness of early spring. Slowly the sun began to wane, ripples of shadow raced across the beach into the sea. The memory comes quick and clean and brings pleasure, but the essence was in the living of it, not the memory.

I can reminisce over the past four years at Swarthmore with great joy: eight seminars; proctor checks and open house hours; Collections we had to go to, saturated with New York Times; sneaking girls into and out of dorms. The memories are clear, though I know their worth was to my living, not my expected collection of the past. So it seems quite perverse for memories to become such a source of pleasure in themselves that we plan for and institutionalize them.

Our existence, our lives, are something of the present. Purpose

and meaning evolve out of the now, the times of pain and happiness, not from the shadows of memorabilia. So I am forced to say to all of the condescending pedants who so graciously took me aside and offered advice—to hell with your desires for a good reference book complete with name tags and sophomoric captions. I'll not create a mausoleum of part of my life to be picked over by others.

I'm not quite sure what this Halcyon is, though at least it is not trapped in the past . . . perhaps it might be a place to start thinking for the future.

Roy Shanker























They don't talk about the giants anymore. There never **were** any giants, of course—they were something seniors reminisced about in the Vault or ML lounge when our freshmen ears were wide open. The last of them had always just graduated, and this post-giant Swarthmore in which we had to live was, we were told, a sorry relic of past glories.

Streamlined, slick, teeny-boppers, fraternity types—that was what our class was supposed to be. We were the new breed. The old traditions—ML4, the old libes, Somerville, stretch—these were crumbling and the College was erecting shiny new dining halls, libraries, student centers in their place. New traditions would probably emerge—Dave Cohen in **Halcyon '68** thought so. But they just wouldn't be the same. And besides, there were no more giants. . . .

Somehow, it didn't work out that way. Before any new traditions had time to get themselves established, the real world invaded Swarthmore. The real world: we used to speak of it with terror in our voices. It was somewhere out there, waiting for us, lurking around the corner of our diploma. Now it's here. All the time. It came by itself and Swarthmore probably won't get rid of it for a long while. The problem will be what to do about it.

It was not always that way. Swarthmore used to be its own little world with its built-in set of problems and pleasures. The work load was unbearable: eight seminars, no pass/fail, distribution requirements. The facilities were lousy: the old libes and its dismal stacks, the dining hall in Parrish and the endless lines stretching out into the snow. You could never get away: no car authorizations, and besides, I've got this paper due. . . . And people complained (they had to: that was another tradition). In fact, they revelled in it. God, the social life of this place is awful. I hope I can work this deal at room choosing to get a double in ML next year; I hear they don't enforce the rules there. How can I read three thousand pages and write a paper between now and Monday? This food is terrible!

That was the whole point. Everyone knows life has to contain some **tsuris**, and the Swarthmore universe contained its share. But they were limited problems, problems which students could handle, and problems which provided a basis for shared experience. People got fantastically involved in the Swarthmore culture, its hardships and its traditions, and came out either loving or hating the place.

This sort of involvement became increasingly difficult as the world outside more and more intruded into our lives. Problems which had heretofore existed in abstract terms for most Swarthmore students became a part of their direct experience, and something with which they had to deal. Everyone had to face the draft. Everyone had to confront racism when SASS brought business-as-usual to a halt. Everyone had to think about the purpose of their education and the very nature of Swarthmore when Superweek or Nixon's invasion of Cambodia stopped normal procedures.

And after considering these huge and complex problems which were nevertheless immediate and pressing to us, and recognizing that they would neither submit themselves to simple solutions nor go away, it became harder to return to the difficulties and traditions which had formed the boundaries of the old Swarthmore. Every one of the College's administrators had left, and the President's office had been emptied by the tragedy of Courtney Smith's death. Perhaps it was this, more than any other single event, that impressed on us the urgency, immediacy, and importance of the problems with which we now had to deal. This was no game. It was very literally a matter of life and death.

So the old traditions died. In the last four years Swarthmore has undergone a process of constant change. Remember when room choosing was like a political convention, with intrigues and coalitions and coups and disappointments? Remember when you had to sneak a bottle of

beer up to your room because the proctors or house mothers believed in rules, while the proctors in ML were cautioning couples to **please** use the side stairs? Remember when the Hamburg Show was the big event of the fall?

Those days are gone. They disappeared when the real world invaded Swarthmore. They disappeared when students could no longer think in terms of the difficulties of honors exams because they were thinking in terms of the difficulties of war, or the draft, or an unjust society, or an unlivable environment. They disappeared when we could no longer think of ourselves in the context of Swarthmore College alone, when that context was no longer a place where we could live and play and worry and tell old tales and laugh at ourselves and everyone else.

So our experience with this place tended to be private. Some still liked it, some disliked it, but there was very little way to objectify our feelings. We complained, of course, but we couldn't feel satisfied expending our emotional energy complaining only about Swarthmore. And we played stretch or worked on the **Phoenix** or took part in any number of other "traditional" things, but we somehow couldn't feel that they were important enough to warrant our fullest efforts or our complete involvement. We even tried to create traditions of our own to fill the gap, traditions associated with Tarbles, with the new library, with the various Superdays and weeks. But they just didn't work. Whether or not they ever would have become adequate replacements for the old traditions, the developing events in the society at large did not give us time to find out. We were thrown back on ourselves and our own private experience.

What is Swarthmore? What will it be a year from now? For some of us, these questions are unanswerable. Swarthmore is not a clear quantity in my mind. I don't know where it is going or how it is changing. There is much reason for optimism, I believe, because the sorts of changes people are engaged in making are vital and significant ones. But it is an optimism somewhat in the abstract, a hope for Swarthmore which relies more upon my thoughts than upon my feelings. I am sure, having spent four years here (and especially after the last two) that the changes Swarthmore people make in the educational process of Swarthmore College will be intelligent and important ones. All of this, however, is a hope for the future. For our class, the old Swarthmore was gone and the new one hadn't arrived yet.

But despite the fact that the old Swarthmore was no longer something in which we could actively participate, it still hung around—in the words of upperclassmen, in the dying ML mystique, in the last year of eight seminars, in the last year of the old libes. It still suggested to some of us a way of living and relating which had worked before and which touched upon something inside of us. It seemed to have something to do with the reasons for which we had decided to come to this school in the first place. It was no longer relevant to our activities in groups, our existence as a community—those were the new Swarthmore. But in our privacy and often in our loneliness, it got us.

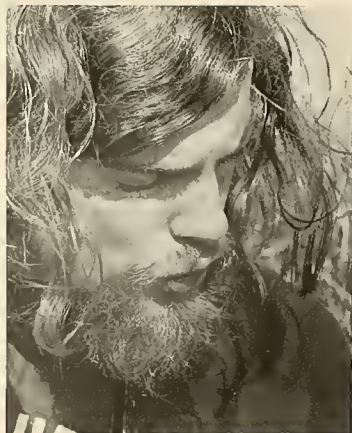
Then it left us.

Michael Wing

























Take it as given that out of twenty-nine-hundred-odd applicants, the College could admit any kind of freshman class it wishes. What sort of class shall it be? Whose wishes shall the decision reflect? What pressures shall prevail?

The Greek God of Athletics? Shall we put Swarthmore on the map as an athletic power? The Alumni Office? What better goal than keeping Friends on Friends? The College happy and, in a part of of financial crisis for the private independent colleges, perhaps even on a hand-off, our image? Keep one jump ahead of the intellectual Joneses? Lift that weight, raise that median score?

SASS and AH-AC? We have our social consciences to think of. So what if liberal has become a dirty word. We're committed to a violent black community. Keep that "minority" and that "disadvantaged" sentiment climbing. (Check that backlash!)

And what about those mad school admissions horror stories? Better die through that pile of near-rejects and come up with some sins and daughters of mad school faculty.

The classics? Can't let them die. Music? Trumpets aren't much good without trumpets. Watch out! Not too many alt's for the chorus. Engineers? All those rail links, all that equipment, all that faculty. Let them stand idle? Never. Chemists and psychologists, Economists and English majors. Mathematics and modern languages. Biology, sociology, political science, and art. Stop! Don't compartmentalize. This is a college, not a graduate school. Just hold out for general academic excellence. After all there are people here who still think that when all the re-ordering of priorities is no longer fashionable education's first order of business will still be education.

Wait a minute. That's a short-term view. Think beyond that. Four years in the Swarthmore womb to men and women who will make an outstanding contribution to their communities, to their country, to the world. Leaders in embryo. Admissions is a prophetic function—reflection with a capital G. Theory. But what kind of world? Leaders for what? Listen to Tension. Social commitment and political activism are the only relevant criteria. What? A white freshman class enrolled in Philosophy 113? Don't you know those professors are out to destroy the College?

Couldn't you just admit a few of these and a couple of those, some of this and some of that? Compromise. Try to keep everybody a little bit happy. You can call it diversity. That has a dignified and principled ring to it.

And the applicant? Is he a pawn in some kind of political educational-sociological chess game? What about the person behind all that paper? Does he have no claim to make on his merits as an intelligent human being? Try somehow to find in that mass of frequently contradictory evidence the piece of information that says this is somebody who's got, or can get, his own thing, together, whatever that may be. Somebody who, as someone said once in another context, is authentic. Who else is more likely, in any meaningful sense, to restructure society?





























We can remember the time when Swarthmore was the eye of a hurricane. A luxurious calm. You could walk from the Libes down to Sharples believing that you were stationary and the campus was revolving beneath you. But nothing is stationary (after all, scientists just discovered the South Pole in the middle of the Sahara Desert) and it was only a matter of time before the storm broke loose, creating a turbulence of whiteness and blackness, Victorianism and "new morality," activism and academia, holism and incrementalism.

Some of us tried frantically to shore things up. "The institution in danger" was the cry. The differences had to be defended. It was like trying to keep the oxygen inside a meteor-pierced spacecraft. Others saw the emergencies as an apocalypse. We had sinned by building false barriers, by making wrong distinctions and dangerous assumptions. Our pleasure dome was really a prison. Get yourself together. Turn on. Transcend. Even the Weathermen didn't know which way the wind was blowing.

The Evil Deceiver wasn't impressed. He made the sun rise optimistically over Tarbles every morning and set majestically over Clothier every evening. He gave us roses, daffodils, and golden-bright spring afternoons. Trays still slid over snow, knives still stuck in the turf. Skillfully thrown frisbees soared hovered zig-zagged dove and (heroically caught) never touched the ground. The dogs chased the maintenance man on his clattering motorcycle pick-up truck; we chased the dog-catchers (pet rule be damned). There were exciting moments in as unlikely places as McCabe Library. And we could still walk barefoot through our secure little world.

"All is well in the world." That was the verdict of our senses. It sometimes seemed that one could get a better perspective by sticking his head in the sand than by climbing Clothier; by shutting one's eyes instead of opening them. Somehow the myth of autonomy had to be purged from our consciousness. It's difficult to believe that someone building a highway through a marsh in Alabama can rob us of our robins in Spring; that a war in Indochina could make us murderers by proxy—temporarily. Many of us didn't even believe in such commonplaces as police brutality until we saw people of our own color being hit, gassed, shot. A simultaneous discovery of racism in ourselves and in our society.

Eventually the message got through. Off we went to save the world, only to find that it didn't want to be saved. At least, not **instantly**. The workers building the Tower of Babel luxury apartments on Harvard Ave. just didn't want to hear about the need for low-cost housing in the city, let alone about how they were destroying the view from Mary Lyons. Four years ago there remained traces of the halos set above our young heads by **College Bowl, Hootenany, Ozzie and Harriet**, and other image makers. Yet the more we've tried to assimilate into the real world, the more we've been regarded as something different. **STUDENT. LONG HAIR. IDEALIST. INTELLECTUAL. PEACEMONGER.** Never has a group of people aspiring to be a universal class been so stereotyped, so tagged.

We seem to be living in the middle of a Jackson Pollock painting. It might, on the other hand, be a medieval icon, except that we have not yet learned how to discern its harmonious patterns from within. Have we been spending most of our time in a pseudo-community in a real world, or in a genuine community in a pseudo-world? The answers could be in Lindblom or in Buddha. The special at ML breakfast these days is Lockes and Hegel.

This is the way things ought to be. Uncertainty is the hallmark of the intellectual. We entered Swarthmore nonchalantly omniscient and we leave it hopelessly confused. Both it and us. I hope also that we are more humble than when we came. I no longer think that Swarthmore is an ideal world but I am sure that it can make one a better person. The oppressive closeness of the "womb," the "matchbox," the "ivory tower" can make one parochial but it can also help make one free. In a place where you can recognize every person by the slant of his or her shadow from a distance of 100 yards, in a place where couples are "more than married," you cannot help but reach a deeper understanding of other human beings. You cannot flee, you are responsible for your acts and for the feelings they produce in others. If we are ever to contribute to the re-personalization of the larger society we must begin by learning how to be intimate, sensitive and honest.

"Use well thy freedom." (1927)

Art Block











Flashback: A tall and youthful dean sits in his office reading through folders of in-coming freshmen. This was to be the class. He would show them. Slowly he reads the vital statistics. A smile comes to his lips. Men—97% Varsity Athletes.

Four years pass quickly. The tall and youthful dean is gone and so are many of the varsity athletes. If one takes the time to sit in the Field House he will hear what sounds like an old folksong coming from Coach Elverson's office.

Music: Where have all the athletes gone?

It is not an easy question to answer. Some have found their studies more attractive or more important than their athletic careers. Others have found girls. One writes plays. One teaches Marx. Each year fewer and fewer play varsity football.

Even for those who play things are different. Swarthmore never emphasized discipline in her sports, but in recent years the last shreds of discipline have vanished. On a good day (not too hot; no signs of rain) one can find twenty lacross players hard at work. On a bad day, five. In other sports it is much the same. Players come late; leave early.

Flashback: The squad waits impatiently for their coach. It is the first time in memory that he is late for practice. At 5:15 he arrives. "Sorry, boys, had a lab."

Of course some people still take their sports quite seriously and some teams, using their Swarthmore intellects, do quite well. The basketball team, for example, learned that if they gave the ball to Rick Micelli he would score. They did; he did; and for the first time they won. Dave Cohen said it would never happen.

Others played with equal success. Jim Colvin and Gil Kemp set every distance record imaginable. Chip Burton survived a torn knee to star in football and baseball. Duffy Burns won the Middle Atlantic title in tennis and then proved to Jon Messick that he could win even after some refreshments. Dave Rosenbaum played better goal than anyone in Swarthmore history. He too did not have to be sober.

But to talk of a few stellar athletes is to forget the rest. And whether they were the Phil Watsons who played four years of third team soccer or the Frank Easterbrooks who became frisbee experts par excellence, they played continuously.

There are probably few places which can boast of as much informal athletics as Swarthmore. One can always go past DuPont and see a group of starry-eyed physicists playing frisbee and studying the aerodynamics of that strange toy. (Who says physics isn't relevant?) Or, one could walk down tree-lined Magill walk and see a mass of men (and a few liberated women) playing soccer to avoid having to go back to the library and study. This year was the first annual crum regatta. Contestants entered in everything but the bathroom sink. A surfboard won. For car enthusiasts there were the social committee car rallies. The committee had come a long way from the social committee loves you days. Now they made you sign a slip saying that if you died in your car you would not hate them. Swarthmore also made it on the ice with style. The Mother Puckers led by John Stevens proved that they were the the best co-ed hockey

team in the city of Philadelphia. Maybe in the world.

And Swarthmore added a new athletic facility. In March the Courtney Smith squash facilities were dedicated. At first it was difficult to see honoring a man with squash facilities. However everyone soon became adjusted.

Yes, it was a good year for Swarthmore sports. Mostly because a lot of people had a damn good time.

Paul Shechtman







A new college president, like a freshman, spends most of his year finding out how little he knows about the universe, about his country, and particularly about the college he is inhabiting. I came to Swarthmore in the summer of 1959 convinced that I knew it pretty well because of my seven year tenure here as its instructor in History. What has been most impressive to me this academic year has been that despite the fact that Swarthmore has preserved many hallowed traditions and rightly respected familiar strengths, there is much that is new in the College, and it is to understanding these newnesses that I have devoted a good deal of my attention. How much I have learned about them, and what sort of grade I should receive, are questions which others can decide; perhaps, like other freshmen, I can settle for pass/fail.

My first and still my strongest conviction after talking to both students and faculty is that Swarthmore College in the 1970's faces a rather different set of challenges than it believed it faced in the 1950's. To put this another way, I would say that the College is less certain what role it can play and ought to play in American life than was the case when I was here before. Correspondingly and appropriately, it is less certain just what Swarthmore College as an institution ought to be doing for its students, for its faculty, for its staff—in other words, for all those with whom it comes in contact. I think we are all a good deal more sophisticated about institutions now than we were a few years ago, and we all realize that an institution is justified not by its impact on a limited number of people, but by the extent that its effect on the whole society is beneficial.

Most of the doubt as to I refer to stem, I think, at least as much from questions that have arisen in the society at large as they do from self-criticism by the college itself. In the 1950's most of us in and out of the College had little doubt that few things a college could do would be more useful than to produce excellent candidates for graduate and professional schools. (Whether in fact the College "produced" them, or whether they graduated from the College in spite of us, we knew that an extraordinary number of able people went on from the College to graduate schools and professions.) We were equally sure that the many students who went into business would do so with the kind of social conscience and the kind of efficiency that we admired with our qualification. Those who entered the army, we felt compassion for, but not deep sorrow, and we envied the spouses of those who got married.

It would be an exaggeration to say that in 1971 we do not continue to feel many of these sentiments. Of course we do.

But it is true that the Women's Liberation Front has taught us that we just a little nervous about proffering unequivocal congratulations on marriage. The implications of military service have made us generally sorry when we learn that a student has been drafted into the armed services; our belief that the business civilization of America was beginning to realize that its greatest possibilities were not exclusively in turning a fast dollar, have changed to hopes that our students as the enter the business world will have the opportunity to speed up that transition (which I think it should be taking place in American business); and, as if, while at the whole process of education have made us wonder whether our graduate and professional schools are the right place for our best people. No doubt we tolerate somewhat in these skepticisms. It is certainly wrong of us to enjoy too much our dualities. A vicarious sorrow for the fate of our graduating class is not a particularly attractive characteristic, whether indulged in by students, faculty or administrators.

Yet I derive considerable optimism from the traditional earnestness of Swarthmore students and faculty to reconsider all things, to ask whether what they are doing and have been asked to do, constitute the best that Swarthmore can provide. I have known lately that the first time the college president had a quiet life, and there are days, and sometimes weeks, when I wish that was true. But on the whole I admire the special tensions of contemporary academic life, always reserving the right to conclude that Tuesday does follow Monday, that an intelligent solution to a physics problem is better than a denial of the solubility of the problem, that books are meant to be read, that men and women were placed in earth to be fruitful and to multiply (in moderation).

Having said that, let me add that I much admire the seriousness with which Swarthmore students and faculty have engaged in fundamental questioning of the academic curriculum, having helped work through basic changes in the patterns of housing and marital arrangements in the College, have laid the groundwork for fundamental innovations in the governance of the College, and perhaps above all, have made a start—only a start, but I think a promising one—towards finding the way to a decent relationship in America between black and white. On all such matters, much remains to be done. I think the class of 1971 has made a remarkable contribution to Swarthmore College, and I look forward to seeing whether the classes that come after it can equal or surpass its record.

Robert D. Cross



the class of

1970



michael aldrich
psychology



kristen anderson
history



janet allison
psychology



margaret allen
zoology



stephen arbuthnot
english literature



janice archer
art history



william barton
psychology



javier arrastia
philosophy



sarah bancroft
greek



louisa beck
religion



douglas bacon
biology



frank barch
biology



russell benghiat
english literature



john bennett
economics



walter bond
mathematics



lauren bernstein
psychology



john black
history



allen boni
mathematics



paula bernstein
psychology



arthur black
political science



susan bonthron
art history



john braxton
botany



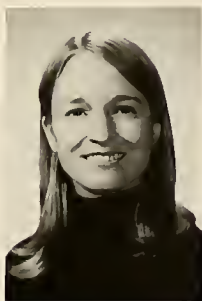
barbara briggs
zoology



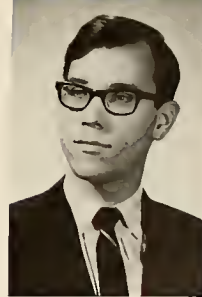
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history



alan brooks
history



prudence brown
sociology-anthropology



michael brownlee
zoology



lauren brubaker
sociology-anthropology



raymond bub
sociology-anthropology



terrence burch
engineering



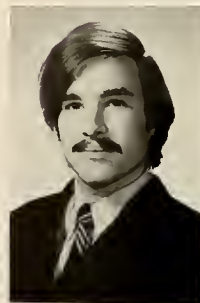
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english literature



frank burns
biology



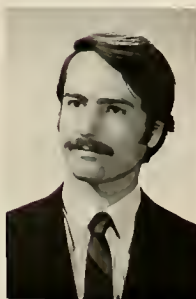
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sociology-anthropology



stephen carr
zoology



theodore burton
economics



david camp
economics



manuel casanova
engineering



john chaffee
history



stephanie cooley
english literature



mary cornish
english literature



beverly clark
english literature



james cuthbertson
biology



roger clark
sociology-anthropology



michael cooper
political science



mark daniel
history





martha davidson
art history



john dean
history



elizabeth delahunt
english literature



deborah demott
history



beatrice diebold
history



robert diprete
philosophy



jean dirks
psychology



peter dodge
english literature



christine doty
political science



sharon finley
greek



eileen farrell
sociology-anthropology



frank easterbrook
political science



james foltz
engineering



israella ettenberg
philosophy



john fields
physics



david foster
economics



mary fowler
zoology



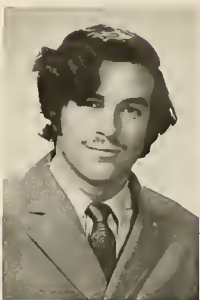
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english literature



timothy gardner
political science



fritts golden
biology



mark goldman
engineering



mary good
religion



john gorlich
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english literature



christine grahl
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jacob graves
english literature



michael greenwald
sociology-anthropology



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history



wilbert greenhouse
economics



sarah gregory
biology



eric gulotta
chemistry



bruce hamilton
engineering



dean hanley
chemistry



jeanne harrison
mathematics



laura hassler
sociology-anthropology



ida hay
botany



dahrt hill
biology



alan holister
chemistry



duncan hollomon
political science







william holt
zoology



meredith hunt
religion



elizabeth hood
philosophy



mary hough
english literature



bentley jenkins
engineering



joseph horowitz
history



john howard
music



anne jones
history



noble jones
chemistry



kathleen karkut
art history



raymond kelly
english literature



william kennedy
psychology



vinit khosla
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james kimmel
economics



deborah kirk
latin



benjamin kuipers
mathematics



william ladd
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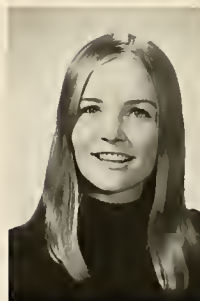
lucinda lewis
economics



bruce lohman
chemistry and music



nancy leiser
english literature



janice lohr
sociology-anthropology



bradley lemke
zoology



karen lind
art history



robert lohr
political science-
international relations



john loven
psychology



janet mather
sociology-anthropology



victoria lundquist
zoology



beth maier
zoology



craig maynard
sociology-anthropology



robert lykens
english literature



stephen marion
economics



guy mclean
english literature



robert mellman
economics



gary moss
economics



barbara merrill
economics



louis miller
english literature



michael namiki
english literature



harvey miller
psychology



terry miller
spanish



anne newman
biology





margaret nordstrom
political science-
international relations



michael o'neal
history



kevin northrup
mathematics



chloe o'gara
psychology



patricia o'regan
sociology-anthropology



kristina nygaard
german



joyce olum
german



lawrence palmer
physics



ann peet
russian



christopher richter
economics



andre pool
engineering



elizabeth raleigh
english literature



lance rips
psychology



paul prusiner
chemistry



jeffrey remmel
mathematics



grant ritler
mathematics



alan robin
psychology



andrew schaefer
german



diana roose
psychology



james robinson
economics



william schendel
history



dean roemmich
physics



david rosenbaum
philosophy



aaron schwartz
english literature



michael seligmann
psychology



william shorter
mathematics



roy shanker
physics



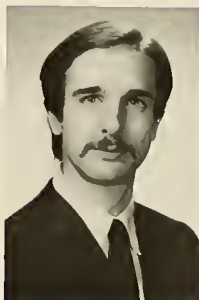
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roland sherman
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mary anne simmons
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ruth singleton
art history



alexandra stevenson
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charles spadoni
economics



richard stone
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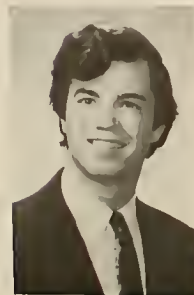
boyd slamoff
psychology



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*note: upon resignation of the working staff in january, 1971,
the book was taken and finished by the 1971 halcyon
editor, dale larrimore. special thanks to ward parsons
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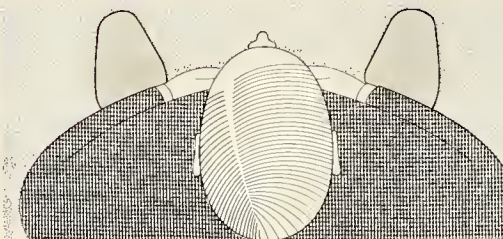
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